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The sky was filled with dark smoke. People were screaming, talking, and calling. Fire trucks ran toward the house where the bright red fire was covering. Thomas Chuckhill hurriedly drove to the scene. As soon as he got to the place, James Hinderwood ran to him.

“Thomas, it seems like someone burnt down the house.We found an oil tank near the house. Person dead is Chuck Liverpool. Fortunately, the wife lived, but is severely hurt.”

Thomas scratched his head and said, “Well, let’s first go to the wife.”

Thomas Chuckhill is thirty-five years old, not yet married. His dandy smile would attract so many women, but the relationship never got serious and eventually, the woman would leave him. His eye sights were bad, but refused to wear glasses because it would make him look ugly. He was a man who never forgot to buy a beer for his partner after any case was solved. Whenever something happens, his fingers would touch his brown hair, and then start to coil, straighten, coil, and straighten it. His parter, James Hinderwood, was a clumsy man with a beautiful wife and adorable daughter. He would always bring the “love lunch”, as he calls it, that his wife makes for him daily. Never giving up what he has started, James even hid near the apartment for a month to catch a thief who stole Granny Louis’ jewelry and purse. One thing that he always forgot to have with him was handcuffs. The dandy and the clumsy seemed to not be a good combination, but they somehow managed to fill the holes for each other.

Thomas and James went to the hospital where the wife was recovering. Thankfully, according to the doctor, the burnt part of her could be removed by plastic surgery and she can leave in April 26th, about a week later.

Jane Liverpool was sitting in her bed and greeted the officers. She looked pale, but never lost her smile while she talked to Thomas and James about everything that happened.

“I was with my husband at home from 2 o’clock. About two hours later, I smelt something oily around the house, so I went out to see what the smell was. Suddenly, I saw a man near my house holding a lighter. I knew right away what was going on, so I screamed. Chuck was surprised, but when the man lit out house, I was able to escape. I tried to go back into the house to take my husband out too, but the people...around me stop....ped me from going back....in.”

She started to cry and refused to talk. James started to fill with tears and tried his best to not cry in front of Mrs. Liverpool. When Thomas and James tried to leave the room, Jane Liverpool stopped them and told them with tears, “Mr. Chuckhill and Mr. Hidnerwood, can you promise me one thing?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Please catch the....the person...who killed my....beloved husband.”

Thomas and James left the hospital with some tears in their eyes.

Thomas and James went immediately back to the police station to search for the man. They got the movies of the security camera near the house of Liverpool from 1 o’clock to 6 o’clock. However, they did not find any men passing by the house. Thomas went out to buy dinner while James rewind the tape. Thomas stood in front of the store and asked for a cigarette. He then went to the bakery to buy some breads. It has been three days since they started to search for the man who burnt the house, but no clue came out.

When Thomas came back with a pack of cigarette and cheese breads, Marcus Peterson ran to him.

“Thomas! Thomas!”

“What? Calm down. I am very busy and have so much to do. No time to go out and drink with you.”

“No, no, no! That after the case. Thomas, I dissected the burnt man and found some mere diphernhydramine, a drug with a strong hypnotic effect.”

“Maybe the man was suffering from depression.”

“No, no. I checked the hospital, but he had no sign of depression, not any disease that would require a sleeping pill.”

“Then, why is it in his body?”

“I do not know, but it means that someone put it in his drink.”

Thomas started to think of something horrible. However he thought that that could never happen. She was nice, never lost her smile, and even cried for the husband. James came up to him and trembling said, “Thomas. Chuck Liverpool is in mortality life insurance of hundred thousand. The receiver is the wife.”

The story was flowing in a way Thomas was thinking of. It was horrible, but he was not able to believe it. Thomas and James ran to the hospital.

Jane Liverpool was eating an apple and greeted the officers again with a smile. She offered some apples to Thomas and James, but they refused.

“Mrs. Liverpool. There is something important that I have to let you know.” There was a silent pause.

“Mrs. Liverpool. In your husband’s body, diphernhydramine was found. It is a strong sleeping pill, ma’am.”

There was a silent pause again. No one talked. The smile of Jane Liverpool disappeared. Then, suddenly, there was laughter that filled the room.

“So, how does that relate to me? Mr. Chuckhill, I know what you want to tell me. You want to tell me that I put that sleeping pill inside the drink of my husband. Mr. Chuckhill, I love my husband. Most of all, I am one of the victim.”

Thomas couldn’t talk back to her. He had no evidence. All the evidence that burnt with the house could not be enough to use. Thomas touched his hair, coiled, straightened, coiled, and straightened.

He left the room and a week passed. James told Thomas, “Thomas, Jane Liverpool left to Luxemburg.”

Thomas touched his hair, coiled, straightened, coiled, and straightened it, trying to remember the smile of Jane Liverpool that he saw as he left the hospital.